

OUR DUMB

animals



Go Green

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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Christmas—1948

AT this time of the year many persons enjoy re-reading the "Christmas Carol." It is Dickens at his best, using his great talents to show his readers the difference between Scrooge before and after he looked Christmas in the face and heard its merry voice. It is the difference between a selfish and miserly old man and a happy radiant boy.

This is among the best of the Christmas blessings, because it restores us for a few brief hours to childhood days. To forget one's childhood is to forget much of the best that life has brought us. Some things are still revealed to little children that the years have hidden from the wise and prudent. We come nearer to renewing our youth at Christmas than at any other time of the year.

Much as Christmas has meant to humanity, it has meant no less to those lowlier creatures who share with man life's joys and sorrows.

The Spirit of Christmas is the eternal foe of cruelty. No man who yields to its sway can look with other than kindly eyes upon the least of those living things that have capacity for pain.

Christmas is a day of hope. It brings the promise of a better future. It witnesses to something that lives behind the shadows that darken the present, and the evil that threatens the future.

Whatever the burden of suffering that rests upon the animal world today, it is less by many fold than it was before that night when a little Child was born in the stable in Bethlehem.

E. H. H.



Humane Key Awards

AGAIN this year our Society has made two Humane Key awards. The first of these was presented to Mr. John R. Macomber, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of our Society. He was honored at the last quarterly meeting of the Board when he received a special award of the National Humane Key in recognition of his many years of outstanding service to the organization. Shown in the picture above, from left to right, are: Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Chairman of the Board of Directors, Dr. Eric H. Hansen,

President, and Mr. Macomber.

The second Key was presented at the banquet of the national humane convention, held recently in New Orleans. In the picture below are shown Mr. Albert A. Pollard, Director of Humane Education (left) giving the Key to Dr. W. F. H. Wentzel, executive secretary of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. This honor was bestowed on Mr. Wentzel in recognition of his many years of outstanding service in the field of Humane Education.



Notice of PRICE CHANGE

We regret very much that the continued rising costs of publication make it necessary, beginning with our January issue, to raise the yearly subscription rate of *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* from \$1.00 a year to \$1.50 a year.

And our special club rate, where five or more subscriptions are sent in at the same time will henceforth be at the rate of \$1.00 for each subscription.

We wish to assure all our readers whose subscriptions have not expired that their copies will continue without pause until expiration. At that time, however, the new rate will take effect.

It is with real concern that we undertake this step. For 81 years, this magazine has maintained its price level. We cannot, however, continue this practice in the light of present conditions.

We are confident, however, that our subscribers will help us bear these increased costs until times become more normal.

Animals Attend Church

THE Associated Press recently carried the following article from Hereford, England.

The animals came to church here today, and they sat solemnly as they heard a Church of England clergyman say there is a chance they will go to Heaven. They will have to be good, of course.

The occasion was a special service at the Holy Trinity Church on the eve of the feast of St. Francis, the patron saint of the animals.

Children of the community were invited to bring their pets. Among the worshippers were dozens of cats and kittens, some with starched ribbons; a tiddler in a jar—a tiddler being an English version of a sunfish; ducks, chickens and guinea pigs; a lamb with fleece only slightly soiled, accompanied by 8-year-old Mary Hyde; dogs, including a bull mastiff and a pekingese; a white mouse.

Twenty horses, too big for the pews, had to wait outside.

The Rev. L. J. B. Snell told of the life of St. Francis and the work of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.



At the right, ducks approach the fountain, where they play all day.



In the evening, ducks run for the elevator for trip to their roof-top home.

"Duck-Inn"

By WALTER RUDOLPH

Photos by the author

ONE of the few hotels in the country to care for pets on its premises, the Hotel Peabody, in Memphis, Tennessee, has found that the humane care of ducks pays big dividends in institutional advertising.

"Our ducks have proved to be the best and most inexpensive advertising ever undertaken," said one employee. "We tried having the ducks around some years ago, letting them swim daily in the lobby fountain pool, and housing them in a roof-top pen every night.

"When they were removed several years ago, so many guests complained that we had to bring them back!"

The ducks, green-head Mallards, were raised originally on the Eldendale farm in suburban Memphis by Walter McDermont, assistant manager at the hotel. McDermont keeps a "bank" of ducks, to be used in replacing those at the hotel, on the farm, and sows winter oats to keep them in feed.

"We get requests all the time for a pair of these ducks—guests want to take them home and raise them," said McDermont. "Of course, we aren't able to fill all these requests."

Every ten days, the ducks in the hotel, now four in number, are taken back to the farm and exchanged for others, to give them more natural surroundings and to improve their health. The hotel provides their upkeep.

The routine at the hotel goes something like this:

Every evening just about dinner time, the ducks, who are thoroughly trained and know what they are to do, hop out of the fountain pool in the lobby and start for the elevator — a porter, of course, then escorts them the rest of the way.

Into the elevator they go for a 15-floor ride to the roof-top, one of the city's most famous supper-dancing spots. At this time of day, however, it is vacant.

Out of the elevator on the roof-top, they waddle about 300 feet to a special, boarded-off section of the roof. Through a door they go, down several steps, and they are really "home."

In this yard of theirs, about forty feet square in area, they have a small shed that protects them from the weather, and a boarded-up corner where they cluster when they go to sleep. Here they are provided, too, with fresh drinking water, and are fed oats, lettuce, corn and bread and meat scraps. They thrive on this fare, needless to add.

One of the present group of four was born on the hotel roof, the first to come into the world in that location. It is now the best trained of the four. As a rule, it is not practical for the ducks to nest at the hotel.

"Another nice thing about having the ducks at the hotel," commented another employee, "is their appetite for bugs that are found on the roof-top of the hotel every day."

"We give the ducks a chance to wander around a little before cooping them up at night," said a porter, "and they scurry about, picking up these bugs and doing a good job of it, too, cleaning the place up."

The ducks are meticulous and are so well-trained that they never become "messy" while in the hotel proper. Guests spend countless hours sitting around the hotel lobby, watching the pets play around in the fountain pool.

Hotel manager F. R. Schutt is very proud of the distinction which his hotel has derived from the unusual lobby pets.



Porter guides ducks into boarded-off section of roof-top, through doorway.



In their shelter, ducks have nest, fresh water, oats, corn, lettuce and scraps to eat.

Sixth Sense?

By IRBYMAE FORD

NO matter how well you know your pets; how understanding you are of animals, sooner or later, you are going to come across something in their lives that is unexplainable.

"Nubbins" was a Boston with perhaps a little bull terrier blood in his lineage. He was somewhat of a glutton, so his diet had to be watched carefully to keep him in condition and avoid obesity. Experience had taught us that a small portion of a particularly well-balanced dog food, fed once a day, in the evening was the ideal solution.

On one occasion we left him from Friday through Monday with some friends. Our neighbor knew his diet and followed it meticulously. When he returned our neighbor explained that he had fed Nubbins his one portion every day.

"Except Sunday," he said apologetically. "Sunday morning after breakfast, Nubs came to me and begged. He followed me around begging with his eyes, batting me with his paw. He wouldn't let me alone. I finally decided he wanted something to eat and gave him a piece of bacon. He ate it and was completely satisfied."

I hadn't thought to mention to our neighbor that we always gave Nubbins a piece of bacon, or sausage each Sunday morning. It was the only time he ever asked for anything save at his evening feeding time.

Sunday was our day to indulge whims of the moment and no two Sundays were alike. Sometimes we arose early, sometimes late. Sometimes we stayed home, sometimes we went places. Often we arose early and my husband left the house at his usual daily time to be gone all day. We never figured out how Nubs knew when it was Sunday—but he never missed and always asked for his special tid-bit only on Sundays.

We tried to arrange Nubbins' sleeping bed where he would not get cold in the night. Usually it was in a closet. When he got ready to go to bed, he'd come to me and I'd go open the door of his sleeping quarters, leaving it open. This was nightly routine—except when my husband was away all night. Then, Nubs would never go to his bed. He stayed close to me, followed me to my room, and spent the night on a rug beside my bed. This was entirely his own idea, even though he was uncomfortable and sometimes cold.

There were plenty of times when we couldn't figure out how the dog knew when my husband wasn't coming home. His job was such that he got in at odd hours of the night. Sometimes he'd get in and be called out again. Often Nubs had been in his own bed hours before my husband got home. The times when he planned to be away and the dog saw him pack a suitcase or put a suitcase in his car were easily understandable.

But it was those times when my husband thought he'd get home or was going to try to and made no special preparation at all that we could not understand. The dog never missed. Nor did he start the night in his own bed and then decide "the man of the house" wasn't coming in after all and change his mind.

There were plenty of times when I'd think he was guessing wrong and say to him, "Old fellow, you've missed this time. He will be home."

The dog would look at me, wag his tail and calmly follow me right on to bed and sprawl out on the rug. I was wrong and he was always right. Sure enough, my husband didn't get home at all that night!

Postage Animal Oddities

OUR Newfoundland neighbors were the first among all stamp-issuing countries to pay a philatelic tribute to the dog. As might have been expected, this pioneer postal item featured the shaggy-headed Newfoundlander that takes its name from its native land. No more than a half dozen countries in all have postally saluted the dog since then.

The camel has probably been displayed on the stamps of more countries than any other four-legged animal. This is largely because the ungainly "ships of the desert" have for thousands of years been of prime importance in the affairs of so many countries and desert dwelling tribes. Take away the camel and you would soon make permanent settlers of many of the nomad tribesmen of North African deserts.

No cat has yet become the chief figure on any postage stamp, despite its widespread adoption as a household pet. But for that matter, Tabby is not once mentioned by name in the Bible.

The matter of the forgotten felines might be readily overlooked, except that postage stamps have covered the animal world fairly well—even to including salmon and codfish, boa constrictors and all manner of tropical birds from quetzals to kookaburras and lyre birds.

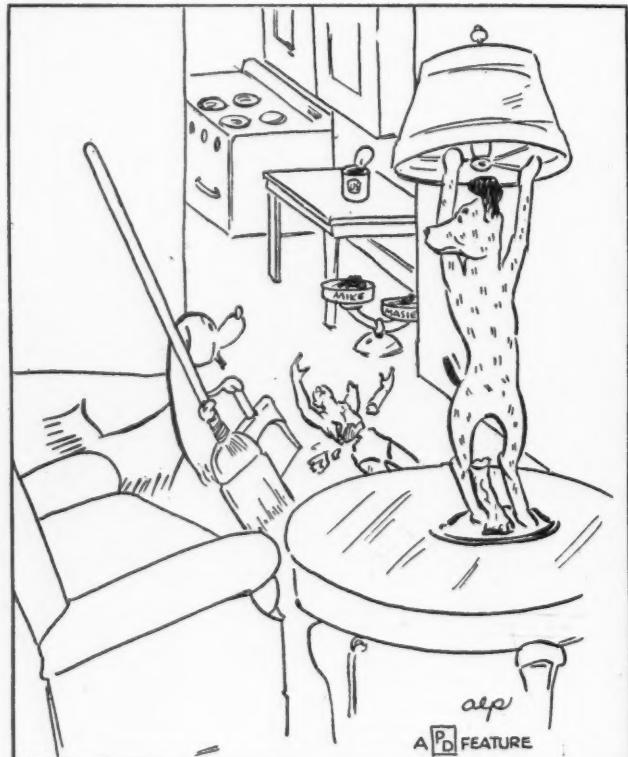
More than one postage stamp from countries below the Rio Grande has featured the lowly mosquito in various designs. These stamps have had a twofold purpose. First, they have called public attention to the dangers of the disease-spreading mosquito. Secondly, by their sale they have raised government funds to aid in combatting this menace to public health.

The American bald eagle is the national emblem of the United States, of course, but you would never know it from looking at our postage stamps. American adhesives have portrayed many species of eagles in almost as many different poses.

—Jasper B. Sinclair

MIKE & MASIE

by Andrew L. Peterson and Tom Farley



"Maybe it will fool them until we think of something better!"

IT was Christmas morning. Outside in the pepper trees, mocking birds were making much of it, although it was not yet daylight. I turned over, switched on the light and looked at the clock. Five-thirty! In fifteen minutes the alarm would go off and our day would begin. Mentally, I checked off the tasks to be accomplished before the clan arrived.

"Breakfast," I murmured. "Chickens, then wash the oranges and fill the crates for our town friends—stuff the turkey and prepare the vegetables—tidy the house, take a bath and trim the tree. So much to do and so little time!"

By budgeting every minute, I managed to have things pretty well in hand by eleven o'clock. The turkey was in the oven and the boxes of fruit, gaily decorated in red and green crepe paper with an apple-marshmallow Santa Claus topping each, sat near the door, ready for my husband to load them into the truck for delivery.

I was just getting around to decorate the tree when I noticed a little, old man coming down the lane.

"A tramp!" I told myself with annoyance and went frowning to the door.

"Morning, Missus and a Merry Christmas," he said to my none too friendly, "Yes?"

"I ain't exactly lost," he went on, "just turned around. I'm on my way to San Bernardino to spend the holidays with my granddaughter. Guess I took the wrong road."

Although poorly dressed, he was neat and clean and his sparse beard was as white as a bunny's tail.

"But it's seventeen miles to San Bernardino," I said. "Surely you don't mean to walk!"

"I do unless I can thumb a ride," he answered cheerfully, "which ain't likely. Folks don't like to pick up old codgers like me—think we're tramps."

"Well," I said, eager to be back at my work, "go east about a mile and then turn north. When you come to Foothill Boulevard, turn east again."

He tipped his hat and was turning way, when Mr. Blue, who always makes a caller welcome with some small gift, even if it's only one of my old shoes, snatched up the largest and rosiest Santa Claus from a gift box and ran after our visitor.

The old fellow seemed highly pleased with the gift, but undecided about accepting it.

"It's all right," I told him. "Keep it if you want to, although it isn't much." And then it occurred to me that although he hadn't asked for food, he looked hungry.

"There's coffee on the stove," I said grudgingly. "Come in and have a cup."

I didn't need to press the invitation. He came eagerly, the Santa Claus held gingerly in his hand.

The minute he sat down, Mr. Blue planted his head on the old man's knee and with eyes rolled upward, waited for the petting and the thanks that usually followed the acceptance of a gift.

"What you want, Boy?" the old man asked, stroking him. "You hungry, too?"

"He gave you something," I explained, "which he thinks entitles him to attention. The more the better."

"Well, now, I didn't mean to be lackin' in appreciation," the old man said, stroking Mr. Blue's head. "It's a right nice gift—the first I've had in the longest. Does a body good," he added, turning to me, "to find folks so generous and friendly."

I winced and felt the hot blood of shame rush to my cheeks. I hadn't felt friendly when I first saw him; he was just an unimportant somebody to be gotten rid of as quickly as possible—someone like those other lonely travelers of long, long ago.

I glanced at the clock. In a little while the family would arrive with hugs and kisses and gay shouts of—"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" But, would it be a Merry Christmas for a little old man, trudging wearily down the highway?

I looked at the tree and thought of all the petty tasks yet to be done and suddenly, they didn't seem important.

"If you're ready," I told the old man, "I'll drive you to your

"Mr. Blue" Plays Santa

by Ina Lopez Morris



granddaughter's. You don't want to miss her Christmas dinner."

Maybe the sun had been shining all morning just as brightly as it was at that moment, but if so, I hadn't noticed it.

"It's a wonderful, fine day," the old man said, as I set the car in motion. "A marvelous fine day, and I'm glad to be alive and enjoyin' it."

I stole a glance at him. His eyes, fastened on the road ahead were alight with eager anticipation. In his lap, sat Mr. Blue's Santa Claus.



A little chickadee perches confidently on Mrs. Booth's hand, despite the presence of the cocker spaniel.

Payment in Kind

IT would be difficult to say whether the birds are more grateful to Mrs. Edwin R. Booth, of South Newbury, New Hampshire, for her feeding of them during the winter, or whether Mrs. Booth is more grateful to the birds for the pleasure and happiness they give to her when she is cut off from civilization by the deep snows.

Whichever it is, there is certainly a mutual love and understanding. Says Mrs. Booth, "I have found pleasure and happiness with my pets and the wild life. I don't know what I would do in winter without the birds, which are daily visitors at my bird-feeding station. They have become so tame that they follow me around the yard, light upon my hand and fly into my bedroom window, before I am up, and sit on the bed post."

Her story is a characteristic example of the trust all animals display toward those who are kind to them. Won't you follow Mrs. Booth's example and feed the birds in your vicinity this winter? They may perish, otherwise.



Our New Bookplates

LOOK for the announcement of our new bookplates on the inside back cover. These are just the thing for your library. Let "Copy Cat" and "Tiny" see that your books do not go astray. They're the best of "watch-dogs."

What's more, these bookplates make splendid gifts for your friends and their children.

Horse Sense

OUT in Woodworth, North Dakota, there's a smart horse. Yes, "Bessie," owned by Lloyd Hanson, is so smart that she has learned to bring the Hanson children, Boyd and Sharel, to school in the morning and then go back to bring them home again in the afternoon—all by herself.

The distance to the school is about one mile and every morning, the children drive the horse to school. Then they tie up the lines, and she starts on her return trip home. Every afternoon, Mr. Lloyd watches the time and when four o'clock comes around, he hitches Bessie up and sends her over to the schoolhouse to get the children. Lloyd explains that this has saved him many cold trips and left more time for his work.

According to Mr. Lloyd, he never thought that this was so unusual on the part of any horse. Perhaps, not—after all "horse sense" is quite a common expression.



"Bessie" starts out for school.



Compromising Cow

A COMMON ordinary cow recently achieved what the whole of the United Nations has failed to do. It happened near Jerusalem and this cow brought about a truce between Arabs and Jews.

The cow, which had heard nothing of partition troubles, escaped from its Jewish owner into Arab territory several miles away. It so happened that the village elder of the Arab hamlet did not believe in war. He telephoned to the Jewish elder of the cow's native village that he would be willing to return the cow. The question was—how? Here is how it eventually worked out.

Soon, ten unarmed Arabs drove the animal into no man's land between the two villages and there it was received by ten equally unarmed Jews. They met and parted with mutual peace greetings.

Cats and Cats

CATS pick the queerest places in which to bring up their kittens. We've read of one cat, at least, that chose a hole in a tree, fifteen feet off the ground and another that made a nest in a tangle of vine, whose only access was from the top of a high board fence.

But the pay-off came the other day when we heard of a cat that chose a furnace. The story goes that while cleaning his furnace in the summer, George Spring, of Dorchester, Mass., was amazed when a brown and white cat popped out of the ash-pit door. He was equally stunned when the cat returned immediately to its hiding place.

On his hands and knees, Mr. Spring peered into the ash-pit and found the cat, tucked away in a corner with four brand new kittens. It took him nearly an hour to coax the cat to bring her kittens out, to reassure her of her family's welfare and to explain that an ash-pit isn't exactly the safest place for a nursery.



Winter Sanctuary

BIRD feeding is certainly not confined to the rural sections. Mrs. Elsie L. Williams, of Brooklyn, N. Y. sent us this picture to prove it. Says Mrs. Williams:

"The sparrows in the squares have taken refuge under the snow-laden rose vine. Those at the lower left are feeding at the bird-station. All day long they ate and ate as though to fortify themselves against whatever might come. The next morning, the suet and seed had to be replenished. The feeding station is hung low because they seem to find it more easily."

Here, again, is a splendid example of a kind-hearted person, who no doubt is fully repaid for her efforts by the sprightly company of the birds.



A safe harbor for the birds.

Who's Who in Animal Land



This strange animal's means of defense is called—

Playing 'Possum

By KATHERINE FIELDS

IT seems incredible that an animal, which attains the size of a cat when full grown, should be so small when it is born that an entire litter can be held in your hand and covered with your fingers. Yet, the opossum, one of the few remaining marsupials in the world, is only half an inch long at birth, and it takes twenty-three of these infinitesimal creatures to make up the weight of a penny.

Like many animals, the 'possum is blind when it first comes into the world, is very pink and has no hair, and it is so helpless that the mother carries it in a pouch, very much like the kangaroo. She has special muscles which enable her to close the pouch and keep her young from falling out.

When they are two months old, they are about two inches long and are ready to climb out on top of their mother's back where they cling tightly to her fur. The little 'possums range themselves in rows down each side of her back thrusting their pointed faces over her spine in order to hang on better. They ride about in this fashion until they are

large enough to take care of themselves, going everywhere with their mother. If she should swing her tail over her back, then they hang on to it with their own little tails.

When they are about the size of very small kittens, they finally descend to the ground, but do not wander off by themselves for several more weeks. They are now beginning to look more like the grown 'possums, with their grayish fur sprinkled with white and black, their white faces, naked ears and strange hairless tails, which are a good foot or more in length when full size.

As soon as the 'possum is fully on his own, he hunts up a sheltered spot where he can sleep the days away. In the evening, he rouses to forage for food, and because he likes practically anything that's edible, the 'possum does not have a difficult time satisfying his appetite, although it takes nearly all night to do it. His fifty strong teeth are kept busy grinding away on berries, insects, fruits, eggs, frogs, fish, nuts and seeds.

It is probably because he has such diversified tastes, that the 'possum has been able to survive. A more particular animal needs quicker wits and fast action to catch his prey, but if the dull-witted, slow-motioned 'possum misses a bug, a berry will be just as suitable, so his sluggish mind and movements are no handicap to him.

Because of his ambling gait, the 'possum is unable to escape from his enemies in a hurry. To compensate for this, Nature has provided this languid creature with a peculiar means of protection. When an enemy approaches, the 'possum drops to the ground, to all appearances lifeless. For years, this was thought to be a trick on the part of the 'possum, but now, scientists have discovered that the 'possum is actually shocked into unconsciousness. However, it is a protective device that works very well, because many of the 'possum's enemies will not touch anything dead, consequently they leave him strictly alone. Later, he revives and shuffles away, saved by his fainting fit.

"'Twas the Night



"Trixie" helps her young master assemble his new present.
Photo, Gene W. Gustafson



First to try out the new games is the family cat.
Photo, Americo Grasso



Looking them over, there's no mistaking who's in charge.

"Night before Christmas"



Photo, O. M. Green

"Where's mine?" asks "Blackie."



"We don't want to go to bed yet."

Photo, G. P. Dalton



"Oh, boy! What a present! Just what I wanted!"

Press Association, Inc.

Christmas

The Manger Bed

By MAY ALLREAD BAKER

Beside His strawy manger bed
The friendly sheep were bleating;
High in the loft room of the shed
The pigeons cooed their greeting;
While cattle fixed their large, dark eyes
Upon the Babe in mute surprise.

They early were His friends, it seems,
These meek and humble creatures.
And in His childish, carefree days,
They were His able teachers.
From simple, common, homely things
The clearest wisdom ever springs.

And thus it seems that humble folk
Should tell the Christmas Story.
And in dim barns, where cattle low,
Feel something of the glory
Of that glad night, when Jesus lay
Upon His bed of fragrant hay.



Reciprocity

By MARY STONER WINE

I wonder if the little lambs and sheep
Safe herded in the fields that Christmas night
Were wakened from their stolid, dreamless
sleep
By angel voices and the heavenly light?
And were there cattle in that stable shed
When Heaven stooped to share their manger
rude?
Did they begrudge Him room for His hard bed
And watch when shepherds round Him stood?
The docile flocks and herds, and cooing
doves
For ages past had been man's sacrifice
For sin. Had they not shared man's hates
and loves?
And now all heaven shares with them its price
Of great redeeming love. It chose a stall
To cradle Christ, the Babe, the Lord of all.



A Dog's Day

By DON MARSHALL

Dear Santa, I have heard folks say
That every dog should have its day,
And so I dip my paw in ink
To say the ideal gift, I think,
Would be a master who can run
From dawn until the setting sun.
Some one who's good at signal talk,
Who knows the woodlands like a hawk.
Some one who likes to feel a nose
Just slightly moist against his toes.
So Santa—don't bring me a toy
But just give me an average boy!

Christmas Eve

By JUDY VAN DER VEER

At midnight when it's Christmas Eve,
When shining stars are frosty bright,
They say the cattle all kneel down
In memory of a Holy Night.

I do not know if this be true,
But if the patient creatures pray
I can understand their pleas,
I can know the words they say.

"Oh, God, look down on us tonight
With pity in Thine eyes
If Thou hast time we beg of Thee,
Hear our anguished cries.

"Not always are we cared for well,
Many and cruel the stripes we bear;
Many of us are hungry, cold,
Many are dying everywhere.

"Soften the hearts of men for us,
For we have served man well,
And often the sorrows that we know
Are more than words can tell."

Under the cold and frosty stars,
Think of the cattle kneeling,
While children sing of joyous things,
And Christmas bells are pealing.



The Wild Folks' Carol

By F. B. M. COLLIER

Sleep, little birdies, 'tis Christmas Eve,
A night to rejoice and forget to grieve;
The bee hives are humming, the oxen kneel,
And the halcyon bird will quietly steal
In drooping flight to the water's breast,
And build thereupon her magic nest;
"The bird of dawning" keeps vigil long
Waiting for notes of the angels' song,
The lambs on the hills of Judah old
Nestle at peace in their thorny fold.
The little, slave donkey pricks his ears
As "his glorious hour" so fatefully nears.
Even the foxes and untamed beasts
Alertly expect their Christmas feasts,
For this is the time when children of God
Lavish good gifts, and foreswear the rod,
Building bird larders, and tossing plump
grain
To sparrow and cottontail, pheasant and
crane.



Christmas Song

By FLORENCE A. WALES

Over the hills on Christmas morn,
Bells of the good Christ ring,
Telling the world that He was born
To be our loving king.

Down from the hills on Christmas fair,
The wildfolk frisk in fun,
That they might hear His loving prayer
That His Father's will be done.

in Verse

Christmas Cheer

By MARIE Z. JELLIFFE

The snow had fallen on the ground
White and soft and all around
On cotton tree and satin limb
The winter birds all sang a hymn.
"Chee ree," they trilled, "so merry we.
There's One who cares where we may be."

The fleecy snowflakes fluttered down.
Each one was drest in frost-spun gown.
The clouds above wore hoods of gray
And whispered, "This is Christmas Day."
"Chee ree," sang birds, "How glad we are,
That somewhere shines the Christmas Star."

In Jesus Land the orange trees
With bloom and fruit fall on their knees;
With flower hosts for company
Beside the waves of Galilee.
And high above in dark blue skies
The shepherds see Love's Star arise.

In many lands our hands may twine
The holly with the needle pine.
The Christmas rose with mistletoe,
And hear the birds sing high, sing low,
"O happy be, chee ree, chee ree,
We carol in our Christmas tree."



Christmas Bells

By HOWARD A. DETTMERS

The sweetest music of Christmas bells
That ever was heard will ring
When people see the Bethlehem Inn
And through that vision bring:
The need of horses when ill-fed
For nose-bags filled with grain,
Lean dogs pleading to be fed
Home in an icy sleet,
And the starving little winter bird
A sheaf of crested wheat.



"Inasmuch . . ."

By MARION H. ADDINGTON

On Christmas Day as I passed by
A house upon a hill
I saw a sheaf of grain hung high
Where birds might take their fill.

The invitation read most plain
To any feathered flock
And fair and round and plump the grain;
The finest of the shock.

How happy such a fireside,
How blessed beyond words
Are those who pause at Christmas-tide
To feed the hungry birds!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Legends of the Christmas Season

First Dog Shepherd

By F. B. M. COLLIER

MANY are the Christmas legends handed down through the centuries concerning the various animals that have played such prominent parts in Old and New Testament history.

One ancient story concerns an eastern shepherd, who, in his life tending sheep on the hills of Judah, found no need or use for dogs. His name was Andrew, and one day he and his small son came across a lone and forsaken puppy. Instantly, the child pounced upon the wriggling, little, furry mite of friendliness and pleaded at once:

"Oh, father, do let me keep him."

For some time the anxious boy argued against the man's stout protests that, to them, a dog was a mere extra, without advantage to anyone. But, finally, the eager lad's plea for love and kindness prevailed, and the little stray was taken to their humble home, where he became a much petted and beloved comrade to the whole family and was called by the name of "Sivis." Not only that, but he soon disproved Andrew's contention, by lending a skillful hand in minding the sheep, and growing in stature and usefulness.

Finally, one strange night, as the shepherd and his son watched their flocks upon the heights, Sivis became quite excited, running up and down, sniffing and whining, as if he sensed some extraordinary presence. Neither father nor



son could pacify him, and the former grew alarmed when they could find no cause for the dog's peculiar uneasiness.

Then, suddenly, a crashing noise fell upon their ears, a light burst forth, and they heard the singing of the angelic choir, and the heavenly voice announcing the birth of the Christ Child. Sivis at once seized the great flowing cloak of his master and dragged and pulled at it so impatiently that, finally, the dazed and bewildered shepherd took his son by the hand, and blindly followed the urgent haste of the dog, down the hill and along the road to Bethlehem, until

they brought up at the entrance to the manger.

Father and son went in and Sivis pushed ahead joyfully and hurried to the side of the Holy Babe, who, to the terror of its parents, reached forth a hand to welcome the dumb visitor. Quickly, Joseph and Mary tried to drive him off, but the divine Child wept loudly when he was removed. And so the dog-pilgrim was brought back and he, who had taught a Judean shepherd the value of sheep dogs, made for himself a new home and a future protection in the comradeship of the Holy Family.

The Golden Pig

IN the land of the Czechs it is not Santa's reindeer who hold the devoted attention of children on Christmas Eve. The Czech Christmas animal—as mythical and elusive as America's reindeer—is the "Golden Pig."

The Golden Pig is the hero of an old Czech Christmas legend. According to the story, the Pig puts in an appearance

once a year, on Christmas Eve. Oddly enough, only those who have not eaten all day are supposed to be able to see the Yuletide animal. So it is that many Czech kiddies consider it part of the day's fun to go without food.

But follow the rules though they may, no youngster ever really sees the Golden

By IDA M. PARDUE

Pig. He manages to come and go, like Dancer and Prancer and the rest, sight unseen.

This in no way affects the popularity of the legend. Each Christmas it is retold, and youngsters yearn to see the Golden Pig, just as American kiddies yearn for a glimpse of Santa and his sleigh bearers.

HUMANE EDUCATION

Practical Project for Teachers and Parents

• by Mary G. Maloney

Lecture I

Functional Program of Humane Education As a Factor in Child Development

By MARY G. MALONEY, *Boston, Massachusetts*

MANY are the inquiries from both layman and educator as to the meaning of "Humane Education." What is its range—its scope? Could it be animal interests and welfare? My answer would be: "No, not alone, for this would be a narrow and most limited interpretation of a broad and all inclusive field with the ultimate goal of character development." The spirit of Humane Education has been aptly expressed by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Dean of the Humane Movement, and internationally known for his work as a master teacher in this field, when he says:

"The reaction upon human character of obedience to the spirit of justice, kindness, and compassion has done infinitely more to benefit humanity; to enlarge its vision, to quicken its sympathies, to enrich its life, than it has done to relieve the sufferings of animals. Nothing so vital to the development of the character of childhood and the future well being of the state is brought into the schoolroom as that which, rightly and broadly understood, we call Humane Education."

Then, the broadest and most fundamental interpretation of the spirit of humane education is character development in the life of the child and it is with this interpretation in mind that a functional program should and can be an integral part of every classroom. "A study of history reveals that the humane spirit is not something new, but that it has existed from earliest times in the art, literature and religion of mankind.

"Through the survival of this spirit the humane movement has become definitely organized and the humane education of our children is a major objective in all humanitarian work."*

To this setting comes the child—let us

consider the young child—the child of today—the citizen of tomorrow—whose fundamental development is our responsibility, the responsibility of the educators of our country. "What does this child contribute to this situation? A most vital element—his innate interest in animals."** This then is the point of departure upon which the educator should build. Animal interests of children may be classified on the basis of frequency of contact. This contact should utilize animals which the child meets in his own environment and in his reading experiences. Emphasis and range of animal interest varies with different age groups. Statistics in the field of Humane Education show that the young child who is taught to know and respect animal life will later develop knowledge and respect for all life—animal and human, in a world of interdependence.

Our major problem, then, is how can we as teachers and educators utilize this innate interest in animal life most advantageously? Let me answer this question by asking another. Are you as a teacher, supervisor, or administrator, aware of the potentialities and possibilities of a functional program of humane education?

Several years ago, I undertook a detailed study of the possibilities of such a program. It proved most fruitful and presented many interesting problems which worked out most advantageously. It is in the true democratic spirit that I have been asked to share my findings with teachers and educators who have a particular interest and problem in this field.

Perhaps your problem is one pertaining to the curriculum. I had that problem, too. Our public school curriculum has no definite subject entitled "Humane Education." However, the objectives of the school curriculum are in accordance

with children's interests and it provides an abundance of opportunity in the field of Humane Education. We must realize, however, that "Humane Education" can never be a thing apart from our children. It must be all inclusive and an integral part of the total educational program.

A survey of literature shows that it is replete with poems and stories suited to the interest of the child in animals. The range is rich and varied. In a survey of humane literature, universal favorites of the children are: the familiar Mother Goose rhymes, animal folk tales, nature poems and realistic animal stories suitable to the reading age of the children and others suitable to be read to the group.

Now so far, "the facts conceded are: the spirit of humane education is character development, the child has a natural interest in animals, the field of literature is replete with an abundance of material suited to the interest of the child in animals and the curriculum provides an opportunity for units in the field of animal study, since its objectives are in accordance with the children's interests."*

With these fundamental facts in mind, many and varied "Units of Learning" which function throughout the school year may be developed. These units may become an integral part of the daily program and may be tied up with such subjects as: English (oral and written), reading and literature, poetry appreciation, the arts, and nature and science. To stimulate thought and interest along this line, the following list is presented. Which unit or units would interest your children?

Suggestive Units which Function throughout the School Year

1. Pets—Detailed studies suited to age and interests of group
2. Field Trips—in immediate vicinity of school

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

*Maloney, Mary G.—"Some First Grade Experiences in Humane Education."—Published in *The National Humane Review*, October, 1940.

- (a) Fall Walks—To observe—animal life, preparation for Winter
- (b) Spring Walks—To observe—awakening of nature
- 3. Functioning of Humane Education in Winter
Kindness—Food for birds
- 4. Practical Units within the Classroom
 - (a) Balanced Aquarium
 - (b) Terrarium—(Crickets)
 - (c) Metamorphosis — Cecropia moths
 - (d) Bee Culture
 - (e) Observation of Pets—based on classroom visits of: cat, dog, rabbit, etc.
- 5. Easter Pets—(real versus toy)
- 6. Wild Animal Life—Zoo—Circus
 - Leads to animal life in other countries
 - Man's dependence

Materials

The problem of materials is a familiar one to both teacher and administrator. Consideration and appraisal should be given to such aspects as: literature, poetry, current events, visual aids, etc. To the alert and progressive educator there is a wealth of interesting material which will vitalize Humane Education within the classroom. Since we are interested in the all-round development of our children, such material serves as the unifying force between home and school life. For example:

Current events may prove a most fascinating and beneficial study. The daily papers, with practically every edition, record stories of animal interest and heroism, man's kindness to animals, local animal shows, exhibits, etc. Many schools subscribe to that splendid children's newspaper, "My Weekly Reader"—which is geared to the varying age groups. Animal events are frequently recorded much to the delight of the children. Those who are familiar with this

sheet know the pleasure and joy the young child takes in the weekly frolics of the two pets: "Bibs," the cat, and "Tip," the dog.

Humane societies are most ready and willing to assist teachers in the selection of suitable materials. Many have educational leaflets, which they are only too glad to supply to classrooms. For example: if you may order just one teacher's poetry book from the standpoint of animal interest, let me suggest "Under the Tent of the Sky" by John E. Brewton—Published by MacMillan (1937).

From the standpoint of interest and attention, we all know the power of "Teaching Aids." Type and range of projectors is wide and varied and is geared to meet varying budgets. During recent years, rapid strides, from the educational standpoint, have been taken. Projector and film companies issue catalogues and lists compiled under subject and age group categories, which are a help to the busy teacher. However, all such material should be previewed before classroom use. I should like to recommend especially colored film story strips which have a fourfold value: (1) ease of operation, (2) low cost, (3) interesting material, (4) effective from the humane standpoint. Film strips recommended are: "Chicken Little," "The Boy and His Goats," "The Dog and the Cat," "The Little Red Hen," etc. These children's stories are done in rich, full color work by leading illustrators of children's literature, and the accompanying story texts appearing on each frame are suited to the reading ability of primary groups. Slide films are issued by Young America Films, Inc., 18 East 41st Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Community Resources

Community resources are a most valuable source for initiating or furthering humane activities. Planned field trips may be most profitable for the beginning as well as the more advanced groups in the study of birds, animals, and insects.

Localities vary in potentialities. A recent planned trip — common to Boston, our famous Public Garden proved to be most fruitful from the humane standpoint—story of kind owner of Swan Boats. Current event clipping—"Swan Boat Sally Has 13 Ducklings." By sharing the experience of seeing the nest with the eggs—the hatching of the ducklings became a vital lesson in Humane Education. Every school community has resources which are waiting to be utilized—explore and vitalize them in the interests of child development.

In Review

Consideration has been given to such problems as:

- (1) Curriculum, its analysis from the standpoint of humane education possibilities.
- (2) Suggestive Classroom Units of Learning.
- (3) Unit Planning — possibilities in your own set-up.
- (4) Materials — consideration in the field of literature, poetry, current events, visual aids, etc.
- (5) Community Resources: methods of utilization, value of field trips, projects, etc.

The above are suggestive and may be developed or expanded to meet the needs of teachers and administrators in introducing or expanding a program of Humane Education as a vital factor in the character and development of children.

In Retrospect

- (1) Are you as a teacher, supervisor, or administrator aware of the possibilities of Humane Education in your particular school set-up? (whether city or rural)
- (2) The innate interest in animal life is inherent in every child. Are you utilizing it to develop kindness, fair play, self-control and justice — which in its final analysis is character development, the supreme goal of all Humane Education.

Presidential Dogs

A FEW weeks ago a friend remarked to us that it would make for a more interesting election if we voted for canine instead of human candidates.

"There's entirely too much concern over the person who occupies the White House," he said. "What about the character that's going to be major domo of the kennel and yard of the 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue addresses?"

This hypothesis led us to write a letter to each of four of the presidential candidates, asking them what kinds of dogs they owned. We wanted to learn what canine would be Number 1 dog in the nation for the next four years.

Actually this is neither as irreverent

or irrelevant as it may sound. The late Franklin Roosevelt's Scottie, "Falla," was not only the most vivid canine personality ever to occupy the White House, but a prominent figure on the national and international scene.

Though Mr. Truman did not send a reply to our query, the news services reported that "Feller," the wistful cocker spaniel he received last year, was turned over to a friend and the White House has been dogless of late.

Governor Dewey's Albany headquarters sent a handsome portrait of the Deweys at home with the Governor's magnificent favorite, "Gerry," a Great Dane. Henry Wallace's campaign office

informed us that the Third Party candidate was partial to a French poodle.

From Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, we received the following tribute: "At present, my close companion, when I give him a chance, is a big, black poodle, definitely without a French hair cut, named 'Jester.' "

By the time this is published the decision will have been made. The votes for the master will have decided the issue, and whether the White House is to have a canine occupant, or of what breed, will have been settled.

If you had voted for the dog instead of the master, would you have voted the same way?



Greetings to You!

THIS perky little forest friend has come to wish you a Merry Christmas and remind you to be kind to animals all through the year. You will enjoy your own Christmas better if you try to make happier the birds and animals about you.

*"For somehow, not only for Christmas,
But all the long year through,
The joy that you give to others,
Is the joy that comes back to you."*

A NSWER To "How Many Animals? Puzzle" which appeared on page 17 last month: Bat, bear, bull, carabao (the water-buffalo), caribou, cat, catamount, camel, chacma (S. African baboon), chati (Wild cat of So. America), coati, cougar, dingo, dog, goat, gnu, goa (an antelope of Tibet), gour (Wild ox of India), hart, lamb, llama, lemur, mole, mouse, mule, rabbit, ram, rat, tiger, ox, pig.

Legend of Christmas Night

*'Tis said when day is over,
And midnight shadows fall,
On Christmas Eve the cattle
Kneel bumbly in the stall;
They bow in loving homage
Before the manger low,
Because the Blessed Christ-Child
Was laid there long ago.*

*And when the hour of midnight
Chimes forth from many a bell,
The glad notes ringing sweetly
O'er hill, and plain, and fell,
For one brief hour, 'tis whispered,
The beasts like men can speak,
That they may join in praising
The Babe and Mother meek.*

—MAUD E. SARGENT

"Prince"

"PRINCE" guards the Christmas tree at the Masonic Home in Charlton. He waits patiently for the presents to be distributed, sure that he will not be forgotten. He would prefer a nice, juicy bone, or perhaps a ball, if one of his friends would play ball with him.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



JANE



DAVID



LESLEY



BABY



JOHNNY

CHRISTMAS DAY

For weeks had been talking about X-mas and buying to put on the . At last the great day was here! The night before hung up their by the . Then they ran to to wait for to come down the . Bright and early looked under the to see what had brought. heard a funny little and what do you think he found? A dear little ! heard a meow and there was a darling . had lovely , and all had lots of other besides. Then ran over from next with his to show them his new . But the biggest surprise of all was waiting for them in the - - a lovely to ride. What a good had on X-mas !



(Left to right) Paul Weston and Margaret Kearns ("Paul and Peggy"), receive the George Foster Peabody Award from George Perkins, program manager of Station WHDH.

To All Friends of Humane Societies!

IT has been demonstrated that one of the best ways to win new friends and to hold old ones for a local Humane Society is to have a weekly radio program of excellent quality in the locale in which the local Humane Society operates. It should appeal both to children and adults.

The work entailed week by week for such a radio program is impossible for the average Humane Society. Yet, it can be done and at a nominal cost.

"Animaland," winner of radio's outstanding animal program, is the answer. It has been presented in Massachusetts for the past four years. It consists of interesting dialogue between "Paul and Peggy." They tell delightful stories, give helpful advice on the care of animals, the need for consideration and kindness.

These transcribed programs can be used in all parts of the country. There will be ample opportunity at the beginning and end of each broadcast for local announcements. Radio stations will gladly give free time for an excellent program such as "Animaland." If 250 Societies subscribe, the cost will be only \$2.50 per week.

Is your Society availing itself of this splendid opportunity? Too often limited budgets will make it impossible for some societies to do so. Won't you help by inquiring from your local Humane Society if it plans to use "Animaland" to gain publicity and support? Many friends of animals and children will want to help with generous contributions to their local Societies to make this program possible. We trust you will tell others about this opportunity.

Inquiries should be directed to Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education, American Humane Education Society, an affiliate of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. A radio transcription with two broadcasts will be sent to any radio station on request.



"Copy Cat" and "Tiny" Present

our new bookplate, especially designed for your library.

They are ready to visit you now and to act as permanent guardians of your books.

Tiny says, "Our services are cheap and we make wonderful presents for your friends."

Copy Cat says, "I think so, too. Just see how reasonably we may be purchased":

25 bookplates	\$.50	200 bookplates	\$2.75
50 bookplates	\$.85	300 bookplates	\$4.00
100 bookplates	\$1.50	400 bookplates	\$5.25
500 bookplates	\$6.50		

"And, if you want your name printed right in the name panel," chimes in Tiny, "we can take care of it for you."

"Yes, we can," says Copy Cat. "And what's more, we can have any name you want imprinted, too, in case you want to give some as presents. It's cheap. See! These are the prices of the bookplates and imprints all together":

25 bookplates	\$2.00	200 bookplates	\$4.75
50 bookplates	\$2.35	300 bookplates	\$6.50
100 bookplates	\$3.00	400 bookplates	\$8.25
500 bookplates	\$10.00		

And, in chorus, Copy Cat and Tiny say: "Just send your orders right away to":

OUR DUMB ANIMALS
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

Liberal Annuity Rates

ADVANTAGES

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

Annuity agreements are frequently used to provide for one's or another's future years.

It is no experiment. There is no anxiety. No fluctuations in rate of income. No waste of your estate by a will contest.

* * *

Write for additional information.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The Management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Life	\$500.00	Associate Annual	10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

1948 BOUND VOLUME OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Bound in cloth, with gold letters. It will make a most attractive addition to your library, or perhaps you are looking for a gift that is different. It contains informative articles on nature and animal care, appealing verse, and approximately 200 striking illustrations. Ready in January. Price — \$2.00

BE KIND TO ANIMALS BUTTONS

Buttons with animal group design, in color, are available in three styles—Inscribed Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S. P. C. A.

We can also furnish Band of Mercy buttons showing white star on dark blue background, with gold border and lettering. Price \$2.00 a 100.

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Solving a Problem

HERE is an easy and valuable solution for your Christmas gift problem.

No tiring shopping excursions; no wracking of the brain to find a suitable gift, no pushing through crowds to get to the counter

Just write us. We shall be glad to do the rest.

And what more suitable and satisfying gift, than a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* — a gift that renews itself each month.

For anyone who likes animals (and who does not?) it is the ideal gift. Give your friends the chance to enjoy reading each month true stories about animals, factual articles about their lives and habits, appealing verse, and interesting, story-telling pictures.

Using the above illustration, but printed in three colors, red, green and black, we have prepared an appealing Christmas Gift Card. This will be inscribed with your name and sent to the recipient of each gift subscription.

The price is \$1.00 a year, but if five or more subscriptions are sent, we offer a special rate of \$.75 each.

Solve your problem *now* by sending your orders to:

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

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